

Ideas for emoticons, next four years.

(Written November 9, 2016)

Ambivalent face.

Waterboarded in Guantanamo Bay face.

Stuck trying to get into America face.

Dreams stomped on face.

What next face.

Sad Lady Liberty face.

Sad Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson faces.

Crying MLK face.

I stopped you because your tail light is out face.

Just got Gerrymandered face.

Sputtering torch of Liberty that goes out (requires animation).

Angry orange face.

Face with gas mask on.

Burning book.

Jesus with a 44

Crying Indian (throwback)

Dead bird

Dead flower

Dead fish

Bring back Mr. Yuck

Flag of U.S.E. (United States of Exxon) – oil barrels instead of stars, red and black stripes for oil and blood? Eh, probably too complicated.

Ripped Constitution.

Middle finger. (denoting really, really, really ‘don’t like’)

Broken hearts of all colors, yellow, black, brown, white, red.

A one leaf clover

Dream last night. Running through a busy day as if I'm pursued by the Fates all the while carrying a syringe with a tiny bit of light dope in it. I'm not sick and I'm not high and it isn't enough to get me loaded but I'm just saving it. You know, just in case. I'm hurrying forward through all of these situations. Nothing specific or memorable and all seemingly under the auspices of some over-arching institution or activity. Some Thing That We All Have to Work At, together. And then this security guard woman or some type of authority cop figure - not mean nor unhelpful - just sort of in-responsibility asks 'what are you doing?' noting the syringe. 'What is that? Maybe you should talk to the person in charge.' I say that's okay no thanks. And I'm not a kid, I am me, now, grown up but still using drugs and I'm not used to people that aren't real cops or anyone really at all telling me what to do. I'm an adult successful person. Not a kid anymore. I'm free. And she says no, really. You need to talk to the chief. (or whatever word she used for the person in charge.) And then I have to go to this room, more of a holding cell really and wait. And I'm thinking to myself, I'm not waiting, fuck that. They got nothing on me. I'm an adult, so I ditch the syringe full of light dope. There's a chance that she's empathetic and just sees that I'm in trouble somehow and need to get it right. But I'm not putting up with this and - unexpectedly for a 50 year old man - start climbing out a narrow window to escape. And that's when I wake up, half in, half out of this window, the middle square with no glass just a little too narrow for my waist. And I realize as I wake up that I've always been having this dream. It runs beneath my days like a subterranean river. I remember it from before and before and before, like a sudden continuity with other lives. It casts the 20 years of my adult life in a gray sour light. I've never really been sober. Not really. I've always keep carrying this syringe full of shitty dope everywhere I go, a little tiny bit that won't even get me high through night after night and night. Just in case. You know, just in case.

Jersied.

Fallen gravestones are beautiful and
 Old brick warehouses storing nothing not even memories
 but maybe possibilities. I see
 vast spaces filled with young art
 you can even keep the graffiti
 on the slide-down doors.
 Piles of scrap metal
 raked together like fallen leaves
 riverfront property
 in Newark
 (as if someone tried to say New York
 and their mouth was too hurried or lazy to be precise
 "Newark.")
 Interchanges like a food-poisoned mobster barfed a tangle of spaghetti
 Backhoes and cranes dormant so long they rust in disuse
 One lane where there should be three
 Generic graffiti on mud-spattered passages like faded tattoos on an ancient
 whore
 It's Nutley and
 Kearney (pronounced Carney I grew up in Kearney it's *Carney*)
 and Parsippany and Whippany
 (this state has its own internal rhyming scheme)
 And rusted tanks filled with God knows what toxic slop
 a bus crushed like Godzilla had his way with it
 plastic bags drape tree branches
 how did they get up there?
 WARNING do not dig
 traffic cones and
 orphaned shopping carts
 half undone dirty black bags full of bottles shucking their clothes like
 old couches with cum stains and
 flat bike tires stacked for an insane game of Jenga
 bedsprings and a single orange workglove
 and then an old toilet tilted and ripped from its moorings drifts by
 deck chairs crumpled beneath
 a rich society collapsing under
 its own weight while we thumb type on our phones.

Dead bikes.

I want to make a photography exhibit of all the dead and forgotten bikes I see in New York. Picture if you will: Stolen front tires or maybe both tires are flat. Rusted chains and chainring and derailleurs. Handles. Rotten seats. Brakes and frayed cablehousing. Cranks and shattered spokes. Forks and headsets. Mountain bikes or delivery bikes for fixies and ten speeds. Sometimes, all that's left is a decomposing frame with an ancient chain. Oh the aching melancholy and sadness. All this I will snap with my iPhone as I walk about.

The frames for said photography exhibit will cost more than the prints. These ornate and gilded frames will slyly comment on the meaning and validity of art. For what is "Art," capital A, but anything we put a frame around? I will be celebrated as clever, cerebral and an acute observer of the human condition. Chelsea gallery owners in towering heels more expensive than any single piece of clothing I own will lean over to kiss me on both cheeks.

I want to write a screenplay and direct the movie of all the dead and forgotten bikes I see while I walk the streets of New York. Each dead bike will open a segment and then we will see how it arrived there. A late night drunken gray out - - heading home with the wrong man, boyfriend and bike forgotten. Another one, a massive breakup and then coming out and realizing your bike is all fucked up and then you have to go back up to the second floor and make up to your girlfriend. You didn't have another place to stay anyway. Another, all about an audition missed. Or a Columbia or NYU final flunked and then someone decides to not go to law school but become the lead drummer for the Blue Man Group revue, now in its 15 season. And then of course we'll spice up the narrative with a little bit of levity, because this life on earth isn't all a veil of tears, perhaps a sort of sliding doors meeting, love at first sight? Or maybe an accident avoided? Maybe two broken bikes cause a meeting; shared suffering leads to future joy. That'll work. At any rate, we'll have some positive romance thrown in for the date movie crowd to counterpoint the heavy stuff. The stories will interweave. Very Altman/Carver. People of different backgrounds. Gay and straight, White and Black, Jewish and Puerto Rican, Jamaican and Haitian, Chinese and Italian and Irish. How *Crash* was for LA, this will be for NYC. I will be celebrated by New York critics, "enraptured" with my ability to capture the spirit of a city, post 9/11, pre-next Real Estate bubble burst and market correction.

I want to write a novel, paint a series of paintings, drop a series of seven podcasts, produce a hit HBO series (or HULU or AMAZON or NETFLIX or even FX or IFC/Sundance if the first three won't pick it up) all about the dead bike parked and chained up like a dream you can't quite remember now that you're all the way awake.

TRAIN SONGS

All my songs seems sorta sad.
But I am not sad.

I'm the second coming of Walt Whitman. This is the resurrection of me
I don't have his words and I don't even have the patience to describe in detail
but I have his feeling
And today he is my electric/fantastic shorthand verbal proxy
Every cell in my body soaked in the pleasure of being without goal without
purpose without reason other than just being
as I roll along a West Village street, the last bracing breath of Winter strikes my
face with the purest sensation of awake
The consecutive and rhythmic trills of pleasure in the muscles of my legs like
every cell is rushing peaking shooting real good drugs and the skin of my thighs
and calves how it moves beneath my jeans a caress of sensuality that's so
wordlessly personal why would I ever tell anyone? They'd laugh, but what's
wrong with that? I'm laughing at myself! Even as I sing a song of myself
I touch the sacred! I smell the piled up garbage thawing from beneath brown
shitty snow and the high acrid scent of holy dog piss! I see the ancient bricks
paying dumb wise witness to so much
what? Stolen front bike wheels?
Look up!
See what a thousand postcards have already shown and hear what a million
meaningless pop songs have already sung
Not to mention the commercials and 70's cop shows and movies littering the
forgotten cold corners and cutting room floors of history but
this morning it's new and mine and alive to me who was dead for such a long,
long time. So indulge me.
Death is over.